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OPEN TO ALL
THE NEW YORK
GUARANTEES
THAT ITS REGULAR AVERAGE
CIRCULATION DURING
THE FIRST SIX MONTHS OF THIS
YEAR WAS 288,267 AND THAT
THIS IS AT LEAST ONE HUNDRED
THOUSAND COPIES PER DAY MORE
THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER NEWSPAPER
IN AMERICA
Second-That the REGULAR AVERAGE
CIRCULATION OF THE
SUNDAY WORLD IS MORE THAN TWICE
AND NEARLY THREE TIMES AS LARGE
AS THAT OF THE SUNDAY NEWSPAPER
IN NEW YORK WHICH IN POINT
OF ADVERTISING IS NEXT TO THE
WORLD.
Third-TO REFUND
ALL MONIES PAID FOR ADVERTISING,
IF, UPON A PROPER TEST,
THE ABOVE STATEMENT IS NOT
VERIFIED.

Circulation Books Always Open.

A PHENOMENAL RECORD.

The circulation of THE EVENING WORLD yesterday, with its forenoon extra, was 177,040. And this in spite of the driving rain, the consequent postponement of ball games and the absence of many people from the city on their vacations. Under such circumstances the record may well be called phenomenal.

But these figures are only a suggestion of what THE EVENING WORLD proposes to attain in the future. It will always be found "on deck" to faithfully record events of popular interest ahead of all rivals. It will continue to contain more and better news than any of its one-cent contemporaries. It will continue to sparkle with novel and interesting features. It will continue to serve the people to the best of its ability.

And, therefore, it will continue to advance in daily circulation with sure and rapid strides.

A NEW DANGER.

There was a genuine scare in Saratoga yesterday. The cupola of the Grand Union Hotel took fire about 7 o'clock in the evening from an electric light wire, and the flames spread so rapidly that the guests left the dinner table, rushed to their rooms and then made tracks for the street loaded with diamonds and other precious stones. Mr. Edward Kearney carried his treasures in a pillow-case thrown over his stalwart shoulders. Mr. John Chamberlain stuffed rings, pins, bracelets, brooches and necklaces into a large carpet-bag, which a porter assisted him in hauling downstairs. Police Justice Murray fastened all his jewels on his person and rushed about flashing like a harlequin in a pantomime.

The fire was subdued after doing about \$2,000 worth of damage. But does not its occurrence point out a new danger? These summer hotels, with their dry wood, their spacious halls and their elevator shafts would burn up as rapidly as a pile of shavings. The electric light wires coming in contact with the wood, already heated by the sun, must be a constant peril and liable to cause a conflagration at any time. This is not a pleasant reflection for the guests. Great care should be taken about the thorough insulation of electric wires used in such hazardous buildings.

THE AQUEDUCT SCANDAL.

Mayor Hewitt's letters to Gov. Hill on Aqueduct matters are now before the public, original draft and all. There is not a word in them that is not courteous to the Governor, and that does not give evidence of the Mayor's reliance on Gov. Hill's co-operation in bringing about a desirable public reform.

There has, however, from the first been a scandalous disregard of the public interests on the part of nearly everybody connected with the Aqueduct business. The contractors one and all depended not on honest bids and honest work to secure contracts, but on political "pulls" and personal favors extended to the Commissioners. The Commissioners, almost without exception, used their offices, not as a public trust, but as what they could make out of them pecuniarily or politically. It was outrageous that the principal Aqueduct contractor should have been made Chairman of the Democratic State Committee and that Senator Flaxett and his associates should have been made members of the same. It was outrageous that the exposure of ex-Mayor Grace's intrigues by ex-Secretary McCullough yesterday should justify the former's removal from the Commission.

All this is now at an end. The new Com-

mission is untainted. Mayor Hewitt is not Mayor Grace. Comptroller Myers is wholly reliable. The great and costly work of the Quaker Dam has yet to be done, and let us hope that the people may safely rely on the strict integrity and honor of those who will in future control the expenditure.

THE FISHERIES TREATY FAILURE.

The Senate has rejected the Fisheries Treaty. If the treaty proposed to yield a single established right for which the United States Government has heretofore contended its rejection was proper and desirable. We are ready to make liberal compromises to secure a settlement of international complications, but not to sacrifice a single principle. The Fisheries difficulties have existed for years and have led to awkward and dangerous complications and controversies. It is the part of statesmanship to settle them. The Republicans have proved themselves wholly incapable of perfecting a satisfactory treaty. The strict party vote by which the proposed treaty was rejected implies that the rejection was due, not to any patriotism or sense of public duty, but to a jealous desire to prevent the Democratic Administration from accomplishing an important work in which Republican administrations have failed.

The talk of war as the result of the rejection of the treaty is bosh. Neither England nor America wants to fight. They have something better and more profitable to occupy their time. This treaty having failed, the effort to perfect another will be renewed. No one will get fighting mad over the matter.

Belva Lockwood says she has been requested by her supporters to devise some appropriate and distinctive campaign badge for their use, to offset the HARRISON and CLEVELAND buttons and the BLAINE white feather. Why not adopt a cradle, to be fastened to the lapel of the coat or the collar of the dress by a safety pin. Belva?

Mayor Hewitt will doubtless feel thankful to-day that he is not Mayor of Moscow, Miss. The executive of that interesting place was yesterday shot down by a gang of ruffians, one of whom he had offended. Our Mayor is belligerent, but he fires off nothing more harmful than letters, and no one presents at his head anything more dangerous than a petition.

There is no lack of audacity in the Republican party. It is now announced that J. M. Hewitt is to be a candidate for the Assembly and to be next Speaker of the House if his party again secures a majority through the operation of the dishonest apportionment.

The supposed murder on Park row yesterday turns out to have been a suicide. A young man who saw the deceased shoot himself and ran away in a panic caused the report that a murder had been committed.

The Pratt Committee, presided over by Senator Flaxett, may now be called the Flat Committee, so full as the original object of putting Gov. Hill "in a hole" is concerned.

Politicians are queer fellows. Democrats are claiming Iowa as a doubtful State. We shall next hear of Republicans insisting that Texas is debatable.

A London theatre is just now managed by one WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. If SHAKESPEARE saves his Bacon at the close of the season he will be fortunate.

The Rum, Romanism and Rebellion of 1844 is appropriately supplemented by the Trust and Bust of 1888.

New York has a bully baseball nine. But the lowest bawler just now is the ward stump orator.

WORLDLINGS.

Melville Denison, a Dakota man, is said to be the wealthiest man in the United States. He possesses a handsome fortune of \$4,000,000, however.

Edith Brinkman, a young girl of Racine, Wis., dislocated her neck while getting out of bed in the morning. Her screams brought her family to the room and a physician was summoned, but at last accounts she was dying.

Col. George D. Dyer, of Kansas City, drove a span of horses from Burlington, Vt., to Chicago in 1835. The town then had a population of 2,500 and he soon knew every person in it. In 1848 he sold seven acres of Chicago land, near the centre of the city, for \$600.

The smallest member of the Supreme Court of the United States is the new Chief Justice, who is but 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs only 125 pounds. Associate Justice Gray is the largest, measuring 6 feet 5 inches in height and tipping the beam at nearly 300 pounds.

There are 800,000 freight cars on the various railroad lines in this country, of which 60,000 are the property of the Pennsylvania Central road. They range in value from \$200, the cost of constructing a flat car, to \$1,500, the amount expended in building the average refrigerator car.

The Bohemian Nutsman.

From New York. Dexter Nags to fellow sufferers—Let us hope that in finding a remedy for the bohemian car the bohemian will not be forgotten!

By Easy Steps.

From the Burlington Free Press. Jones—Hello, Smith. Congratulations! I hear that you are engaged. But between friends, old fellow, I don't see how you picked up courage to do it.

Smith—Well, you see, we got to talking politics, trusts, rings, etc., and drifted right on to the matter before we knew it.

Merely a Guest.

From the Merchant Traveler. "Will you hand me a glass of water?" asked a near-sighted man of a traveller who had just come into the dining-room of the hotel.

"Excuse me," was the reply, "but I think you have made a mistake. I'm not a waiter. I'm merely a plain, ordinary guest."

JOKERS STILL AT WORK.

BIG BUNDLES OF ALLEGED WITTICTIONS CONTINUE TO ARRIVE.



A Package of Bright Jokes.

Included please find material (a dictionary) for any kind of a joke you may think suited to the public. I am sure this, if properly presented, will suit all tastes, since it contains all jokes, I remain undauntedly yours, E. GALE SHIPMAN, 140 Newell street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Batch of Arrests.

A gun was arrested for being loaded. A lunket was arrested for being full. A pair of shoes was arrested for being tight. A lamp-post was arrested for standing on a corner.

A Youthful Monopolist.

While strolling down the Bowery the other night I noticed three small boys, one of whom had a stick of candy. One small boy said to the other two, "Hey, George, give a bit, will you?" "George said, 'No, I won't give you a bit, because you asked for it.' The other boy, because his lips in anticipation of the candy were open, lifting the stick of candy, said, 'No, because you didn't want any.' And the youthful monopolist continued to consume the candy unperturbed.

A Yarn from the Battleship-Field.

This story was told me by a Confederate soldier who was an eye-witness of the occurrence. When Gen. McClellan was before Richmond, and great havoc had been made in his right wing by Gen. Jackson's forces, another battalion of Confederates came up in the rear. Marching through the stricken ranks, one soldier in the Confederate line, lifting the foot of a dead Union soldier, a very fine pair of shoes. It occurred to him that he would like



"HE WON'T MIND IT." THE SHOTS "N. G." (Drawn by a Very Little Boy.)

amazingly well to exchange his own strong cowhide shoes for the finely fitting ones of the dead man. Factiously observing, "Old fellow, I don't reckon you will mind the exchange," he transferred them to his own feet. The march continued, and before long the soles of the shoes began to drop off, and the Confederate soldier, upon reaching the rear of his company, found his dismay that they were made of pasteboard. "Well," exclaimed one of his comrades, "if you let a dead Yankee cheat you like that, in all creation would a live one do with you?"

Two Kinds of Music.

Sacred music is stationary, and it is furnished by the choir (quore). But piano music must be groceried, for we often get it by the pound.

The Greatest General.

To the Editor of The Evening World. The greatest General of all—General Post-Office. This is mine. KINO.

A Baby's Good Joke.

Papa—Baby, how much do you love me? Baby—Very, very much, papa. Mama—Well, sweet, where do I come in? Baby—Oh! you too in it. L. F. ANDERSON.

Told by an Artist.

Some time ago I went out into the country to make some sketches from nature. I had selected the spot, looking to paint a bit of fence, a few trees, rocks, etc. I had just set up my easel and was employed in laying out the colors on the palette, when up walked a man, dressed in a fancy suit, with a cane, and a pocket watch. He was smoking a straw hat pipe. He walked up to me in a very deliberate manner. After observing that I was painting, he was emboldened to ask me, "What I might be intending to do?" In the most innocent and off-hand way I answered that I was going to paint a part of the fence, from the gate to the corner of the lot, two or three trees and a few other things on which I had as yet not decided. "You are, eh?" said he. "You're going to paint that fence?" "Now, look a-here, young fellow, I don't care how many of the trees you might be going to paint, as they don't belong to me, but if you dare lay a brush to a board of that fence, as sure as you're a living man, I'll put you two dogs onto you." And he started to hunt up his dogs.

Notes of the Campaign.

The old Reader Association has organized for the campaign, and will have a banner-raising early next week at headquarters, Seventy-fifth street and First avenue. The committee are: J. M. Conner, President; John O'Neil, Vice-President; J. A. Toole, Treasurer; John Moore, John McCann and John Dolan, Secretaries, and John Grech, Sergeant-at-Arms.

Brief Sojourners in Gotham.

H. J. Locke and W. J. Ruggles, both of Boston, are at the Grand Hotel.

On the Stuyvesant register are F. W. Stratton, of Chicago; M. Groopie, St. Louis, and C. E. Parsons, of Bradford, Pa.

Found at the Bartholdi Hotel are C. E. Trivet, Cleveland, O.; D. E. Kenyon, Chicago; G. O. Kenyon, of Detroit, and H. M. Kenyon, of Buffalo.

The City House has among its guests P. W. Poor, of Washington; P. H. Sweeney, of Rochester; G. S. Weaver, of Albany; and M. Stupp, of Rochester.

The Hoffman House numbers among its guests G. Mulliner, Richmond, Va.; H. A. Hays, of Rochester; R. B. Langhorne, of Minneapolis; N. A. Jones, of California, and A. F. Thorn, of Norfolk, Va.

A. L. Green and J. G. Oglethorpe, son of Gov. Oglethorpe, of Atlanta, Ga.; F. W. Ward, of St. Paul; Joseph A. W. of Cincinnati, O.; J. L. Wallace, of Augusta, Conn.; J. Gardner, of Washington, and N. H. Reed, a prominent Pittsburg manufacturer, are at the St. James.

A SIGNAL TRIBUTE.

Why Sixty-Six Germans Formally Resolve to Read Only "The Evening World."

To the Editor of The Evening World: Der Verein Hesse-Darmstaedter, which assembles during the summer every Thursday on board of the fishing-boat Accomack, has resolved that each member from now on shall read no other evening paper but THE EVENING WORLD. The reason for such action was because no other paper has yet done so much good for the welfare of the people. For instance, its sending a physician to the poor babies at its own expense; second, its work to abolish bottalins; third, its efforts to open Stuyvesant Park. Honor to whom honor is due, we say. Our sixty-six members give three cheers for THE EVENING WORLD. Please remember that truly friends of your valuable paper are Der Verein Hesse-Darmstaedter.

M. KOCH, President.

P. ENDLIER, Secretary.

PICKLE GETS A BROKER INTO A PICKLE.

Left by Miss Elise in Mr. Kirkland's Care. He ties and loses himself.

LOST—Due dog, blind in one eye, near on 100, about one year old, dark brown, with white patch on head. Return to W. H. Kirkland, 14 East 29th St.

W. H. Kirkland, the genial Front Street broker, offers a "liberal reward" for one Pickle.

Unless he procures the aforesaid Pickle in short order there may be trouble. Pickle is a nine-year-old pug dog, blind in one eye and with a scarred lip. He is a veteran, and has loved and been loved by little Miss Elise, the only daughter of Mr. Kirkland, whose birthday was almost identical with his.

Miss Elise is summing with her mother, and left Pickle in the joint care of Mr. Kirkland and a pale-faced, blue-eyed maid at the house 104 Twenty-ninth street. On Monday last during the temporary absence of Mr. Kirkland on office business the pet surreptitiously left the house and has not been seen since.

Inquiry at the railway stations did not discover that Pickle had purchased a ticket for somewhere, and there is consequent commotion in the hearts of the two faithful guardians of Miss Elise's pet.

The pale-faced, blue-eyed maid told an EVENING WORLD reporter that probably Mr. Kirkland would consider \$5 or \$10 a liberal reward for the recovery of his pet. He feared that if anything was said in the papers about the disappearance, Pickle's little mistress would hear of it and disastrous results would ensue.

If any one has found Mr. Pickle, who is built like a typical Alberman or a Dutch boy, and has as much dignity of bearing as either, they will do much to preserve the peace of a once happy household by returning him to the address given.

SUICIDE BEYOND A DOUBT.

No Mystery Now About Ferdinand Mazzarini's Death in Park Row.

It remained for THE EVENING WORLD to tell the true story of the killing of Ferdinand Mazzarini at 78 Park row Monday afternoon. All the mystery with which the affair was enshrouded was cleared away when THE EVENING WORLD'S Sporting Extra was issued last evening with the testimony which proved beyond a doubt that the Italian boss had met death at his own hands.

Chief Justice Morgan's court interpreter, Fred Fischer, who was an eye witness to the tragedy, gave evidence which showed the supposed assassin, for whom all the detectives in the city were hunting, to be nothing more than a professional player, who had killed the dead man's rival, but who threw it away when he realized the terrible consequences which might result to him from his possession.

After Mr. Fischer had told his story in THE EVENING WORLD a host of Italian friends of Mazzarini appeared to add their meagre testimony, which proved that the dead man committed suicide.

His wife, the "Maggie Ryan" who was supposed to be at 141 N. E. 1, appeared last night to vouch for her husband's remains, which had been removed from the Morgue to an undertaking shop in Park street.

A SINGULAR DISCOVERY.

A Buried Indian Camp on the Idaho Desert.

From the Shoshone (Idaho) Journal.

Mr. Kinney, of Owinza, about nineteen miles east of Shoshone, was in town recently, and gave us an account of the discovery made by himself and others of the death of a man, some four years ago. He found holes in the ground while hunting, and supposed they were coyote holes. He then dug down about six feet, and found more or less water in the sand, and paid little attention to it. During the past two weeks Mr. Kinney has had one or two men sinking shafts to prospect this singular freak in the great Snake River valley. About seven feet from the surface considerable water was found, and at the depth of ten feet a layer of sagebrush, covered with bones of horses, was discovered. The bones were smooth and rounded by the action of water, and apparently were from a stream, which had been removed from the valley by the action of water. The bones were of various sizes, and some of them were of the size of a man's arm. The bones were of various sizes, and some of them were of the size of a man's arm.

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FROM THE CITY'S WHIRL.

DRIFT CAUGHT HERE AND THERE BY "EVENING WORLD" REPORTERS.

Aestheticism in Business and the Pleasing Results It Brings About.

It is interesting to note the leaven of aestheticism which pervades the commercial spirit of the shopkeeper, or of the business man. This is quite as it ought to be, and the soul of John Ruskin would rejoice to see Beauty and the Beast in this new combination.

The artistic combination of colors and stuffs in a dry-goods window seems only natural enough. The dealer in bon-bons also makes his wares as alluring to the eye as to the palate. Many a fair dame could curb her appetite if she were to see chocolate creams creamed carelessly thrown in a piece of brown paper, but when they are neatly tucked into a dainty box of satin, with the "flowers that bloom in the spring" unfolding themselves on the lid, or stored in the felt interior of some quaint little animal which issued from the Noah's Ark of a Parisian confectioner's brain, she makes a sharp angle in her gait and shoots into the store.

One of the most ingenious and prettiest outcomes of aestheticism in trade is at some of the Fulton Market fish stalls. The fish dealers of the deep lay imbedded in cool green mosses, their sides gleaming as if they were polished agate. Great salmon lie on beds of water-cresses, and with a pale lemon color around the head, the fish is made more attractive. Small crawfish, with their brilliant sides, fleck the green and dark blue tartar.

Scattered in and about the porch, the salmon, the sea bass, the pickered, the daintily striped (copied by permission from Edgar Allan Poe) Spanish mackerel, with their misty grays and indigos, and the chrome green of the color stream through the transparent scales, are colors which art and not nature has put there.

Square blocks of the most exquisitely pure sea-bass are stacked on the counter. Stuck on the side furthest from the spectator are sheets of pale green, delicate ruby, ultramarine blue, rich yellow and many other parti-colored tissue papers. The colors stream through the transparent scales, till they look like monstrous gems, quarried in fairyland. Nothing of its kind could be more attractive.

One of the most beautiful gotten-up stalls of the kind in Fulton Market, and the passer-by who can gaze at it and not stop for a longer look must be bereft of all sense of the beauties of the fish.

Even the street vendors of fruits trick out their carts with green boughs of the peach tree, beneath whose shadows lurk the softest and most beautiful of fruits.

The driver of the big day, with his span of horses that are the Behemoths of Broadway, adds touches to his horses' toilets. A string of con tails will dangle from a strap running down the front of the horse.

But the funniest attempt at equine ornamentation was where an enormous Percheron had a gaudy painted medicine advertising fan stuck in his mane. The fan was moved by his head on the massive neck, the presence of the fan gave him an air of dignified coquetry which was very amusing.

Tips on Stringed Instruments from a Park Row Dealer.

"What is there the most demand for?" inquired an EVENING WORLD reporter of a Park row dealer in musical instruments.

"The banjo," was the prompt reply. "We sell more of those than of all other instruments put together, because it is now the proper 'fad' for ladies to play them. All over the city there are banjo clubs formed, of both sexes, and many proficient players are to be found among them."

"It has always been considered that the banjo was the instrument for the negro, but during the past few years it has been steadily growing in favor, until now it ranks among the first-class instruments."

The mandolin had a slight boom, but it only lasted one season and then died. The reason? Well, because you can't produce the sweet sounds on a mandolin that you can on a banjo. Ladies, nowadays, like a sweet sound, and the banjo is just what they want. It is such an easy instrument to play, and it is so much more attractive than the mandolin.

The sweetest-toned string instrument is a guitar, that is if it is a good one; but it is comparatively few players, as it is so difficult.

Here is an instrument that is probably the most difficult to play of any stringed instrument that is made.

And the dealer produced an instrument that resembled a guitar with a bad attack of dropsy. Instead of the usual six strings it was supplied with eighteen, making it a most formidable-looking instrument to the amateur banjoist or guitar player.

"It is called a bandolian," explained the dealer, "and there are very few of them in this country. I purchased that from a Spanish sailor for the other night. He played an air on it at my request, and I never heard such a sweet sound from an instrument in my life. I have received several offers for it from various musical artists, but I don't want to part with it just yet."

There is a rather steady demand for violins," concluded the dealer, "their cheapness being an inducement to the beginner. They can be purchased from \$1 up to an incalculable figure, but many are satisfied to begin with cheap ones and buy more expensive ones when they grow proficient."

They Looked at It With a Nameless Horror.

Yet It Was but an Old Paste-Pot.

The other day the scene of the dreadful Bowers fire was visited by twelve men. They crowded through the narrow passageway, stood with upturned faces looking at the fire-escape, which grimly clung to the blackened walls, took a step or two into the grimy interior and glanced at the floor, lumbered with the moist debris of water-soaked soot and charred timber. Then they crawled up to the top of the adjoining tenements on Chrystie street and reached the roof. There they looked about with curious eyes.

A rusty tin can stood on the roof, filled with a whitish, half-liquid substance. A man in a tall white hat and a dyed mustache said in a muffled whisper to his neighbor, a burly creature built like a bull-bait ball:

"That's brains! Brains of one of the victims!"

The man in the white hat seemed to take a gruesome enjoyment in the ghastly horror of the fact. He indicated the way in which the stout gentleman would come up and look at the tin can and then he would walk away.

"Tim," said one of them to the other, "when in thunder are they looking at that old paste-pot for that I threw out there this morning?"

"Dogged if I know," said the other.

How an Upson Man Wears a Wild Western Teeshirt.

A man, who lives upland and who has come naturally by many idiosyncrasies, has a way of carrying a long knife for a weapon which is probably new to most people.

Instead of depositing it in his boot or in a sheath fastened to a belt around the waist, as they are said to do out West, he says he can-

ries it down his back, on a line with his spinal column. He does not make a practice of having a weapon concealed about his person, unless he has on a flannel shirt.

He went to Seabright recently and lived in a cottage with a barn to it, and he tells us a most exciting tale of the way he chased two burglars away from the barn.

His knife was down his back, he says, and he was in his fighting mood. He heard the burglars' lanterns away prior to his door and he took after them without giving them any warning. He was within sixty feet of the intruders when they perceived his approach.

Then he took out his knife in some inexplicable way and gave the two burglars three shots were fired at him as they all ran, and he judged that they passed within a few inches of his head.

Not a hair was damaged, however, because they laid close to his scalp.

He chased the men for several yards, when he thinks he must have stabbed his toe. He still cherishes his knife.

A FRENCH PRINCE LOOKS IN ON US.

Henri d'Orleans Stops a Night in the City and Hurries Off to Washington.

Prince Henri d'Orleans, of Paris, arrived at the Hotel Brunswick last night from San Francisco, en route for Washington. The Prince was just leaving the hotel when seen by an EVENING WORLD reporter, whom he greeted cordially, saying:

"I have been shooting in India for the past six months, after which I made a tour of Japan, from which country I came to San Francisco, thence across the continent to this city. Of course my trip was so hurried through this country that I cannot say much regarding my opinion of it; in fact, I could see very little of it."

"In a few days I shall go to Washington and call on President Cleveland, spending some time in the city, and then I shall sail for Paris on the 15th of September."

The Prince is a young man apparently about twenty-three years of age, smooth-shaven, with a high forehead, dark hair with a cutaway coat and high silk hat.

DEATH OF BISHOP HARRIS.

The Lawyer-Frencher Passes Away in the Very Prime of Manhood.

The Bishop of the Protestant-Episcopal Diocese of Michigan, Samuel Smith Harris, died in London last evening.